Songs of the Sixties

By BESSIE B. CROFFUT.

NE of the treasures in the Library of the River and Rest in the Shade of the Congress that never fails to thrill me is the manuscript division-a tull of music of the '60s. Soldiers of the civil war in faded uniforms fight their battles over again as they stand and gaze at the historic songs in type, with the covers emblazoned with the famous faces eir old commanders-all arranged in partial rows.

On the sides of the case are sixty-two neets, mostly illustrated in triple rows and with no division in sentiment—except that the five dedicated to Lincoln and five to Grant fill the upper front row.

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We may as well begin with Lincoln. There are four marches, grand and otherwise, bearing his well known features, rough hewn but strangely fascinating. One is the "Wigwam March" of his first idential campaign and three of them present him as the "village lawyer," clean aced and young; the colored frontispiece f 1862 shows maturer lines, while the Grand Funeral March" gives us his coun-

Trees," made into a song, are suggestively placed near a copy of "The Vacant Chair," over which stands a mourning female in the dress of the days of the Confederacy.

Song by Stonewall Himself.

Any one visiting this thrilling music use probably will be astonished to see at the famous "Stonewall" himself, accase probably w cording to the title page, wrote the word of a pathetic song, "My Wife and Child" wrote the words

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone The camp around in slumber lies; The night with solemn pace moves on, And sad, uneasy thoughts arise. I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blestOf thee and him, our baby son,

Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, hover mear To her whose watchful eye is wet; The mother, wife—the doubly dear, And cheer her drooping spirits vet.

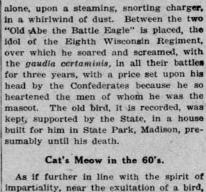
him with his staff on horseback in "The Richmond March," and inferentially again and again in "The Battle of Shiloh," the "Battle of Fort Donelson," both musically rendered by Charles Grobe, and "The Vicksburg Schottische.

"The Battle of Roanoke Island" a wonderful display of gunboats. Admira Farragut stares at us from a grand march Admiral written in his honor, with astute, slightly quizzical face and the keen eye of the

"Viking of the Western world, Who made his mast a throne and went into the harbor with the historic words "Damn the torpedoes!"

Commodore Foote, on the music composed in his honor, is strangely like in "the cut of his jib" to the pictures of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and many other men of that day, so that there seems almost a type of men of the "War Between the States" as it was called by Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, who is conspicuous by his absence, like Cato's bust. Jefferson Dayis's refined features adorn "The Confederate March."

Davis's name is sung to a different tune "Jeff Davis's Dream," by Bernard Bernard Covert:



impartiality, near the exultation of a bird, is a song of a cat. "Poor Kitty Pop-corn," by Henry C. Work, shows how the present day motif of the cat's meow was treated in a pro-North song in 1861:

Did you ever hear the story of the loval

Me-yow!

Who was loyal to the flag and ever fol-lowed that?

Me-yow!
Oh, she had a happy home beneath the

Southern sky, But she packed her goods and left it when our troops came nigh,

And she fell into the column with a low, glad cry, Me-yow!

As if in mollifying contrast with the above is "Yankee Volu: teers Marching Into Dixie," a comic song, the illustration showing the volunteers wearing sheepish grins, impossible hats and clownish

There is a wide range among the songs. Some are mere whimsles, like "Grafted Into the Army," by Henry C. Work:

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent-They've grafted him into the army; e finally puckered up courage and went When they grafted him into the army. He

I told them the child was too young, alas! At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass.

They'd train him up well in the infantry

So they grafted him into the army.

Drest up in his uniform-dear little chap: They have grafted him into the army; It seems but a day since he sat in my lap,

But they grafted him into the army.

nd these are the trousers he used to wear.

Them very same buttons-the patch an'

But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair When they grafted him into the army.

And there is "Richmond Is Ours!"

And there is "Richmond Is Ours!" athrill with patriotism of the North and giving a good idea of how the thousands felt when Richmond fell: Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!

Hark to the jubilant chorus! Up thro' the lips that no longer repress it.
Up from the hearts of the people—God bless it!

Swelling with loyal emotion
Leapeth our joy, like an ocean.
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours! Babylon falls and her temples and tow'rs Crumble to ashes before us!

Glory to Grant! Glory to Grant! Hark to the shout of our nation! Up from the Irish heart, up from the Ger-

Glory to Sheridan! Glory to Sherman! Up from all people uniting, Freedom's high loyalty plighting, Glory to all! Glory to all! Heroes who combat and martyrs who fall. Lift we our joyous ovation!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag! Up from each turret and steeple! Up from the cottage and over the mansion Fling out the symbol of Freedom's expan-

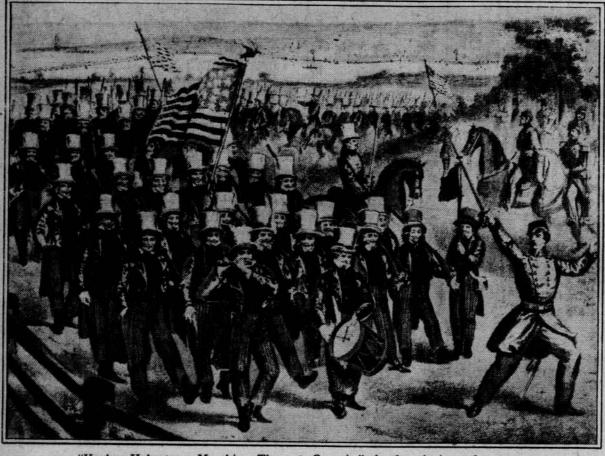
sion. Victory crowneth endeavor! Liberty seals us forever!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag! Up from each valley and out from each crag! Borne on the breath of the people!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours! Hark! how the welkin is riven! Hark to the joy that our nation convulses. Tuning all hearts to the cannon's loud pulses; Voices of heroes ascending,

Voices of martyred ones blending. Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours! Mingling like watchwords on Liberty's

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"Yankee Volunteers Marching Through Georgia," the frontispiece of one song.

tenance seared with the struggles of his | Now while she kneels before Thy throne, fearfully exalted position and with the eyes to which Franklin K. Lane paid such elo-

uent tribute.

I wonder who can tell offhand names of many of "Our Generals" of the North? Twenty-five in all, they are vivid-ly before us in a group, brilliant of uniform, easily recognized—the more familiar faces. In the midst is the regal figure of Scott on a white horse, and on either side of him Butler, Wool, Rosecrans, McCook, Anderson, McDowell, Sickles, Blenker, McColellan, Hunter, Sigel, Sprague, Prentiss, Mansfield, Tyler, Burnside (with his whis-kers), Banks, Fremont, Lander, Heintzelman. Dix. Curtis and Stone.

The "Grand Funeral March" of Winfield Scott recalls the leonine face and colossal figure of the old hero who led his triumphant soldiers to the halls of the Montezumas only to meet a court of inquiry in them as to how he got them there. gigantic statue stands, it will be rebered, before the Soldiers Home, of which he was the virtual founder, as it was en-dowed from the indemnity paid by Mexico.

"Our Generals" of the South are also in a group, uncolored. It includes Long-street, Johnston, Hill, Beauregard, Hardee, Price, Bragg and "Stonewall" Jackson in medallions surrounding the central figure of Lee. Jackson is the center of a "Re-quiem" dedicated to a noble company em-bracing Albert Sydney Johnston, John M. bracing Albert Sydney Johnston, John M. Morgan, Leonidas Polk, J. E. B. Stuart, Oh, teach her, Ruler of the Skies!

No tear is wept to Thee unknown, No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand Of dark disease and soothe its pain
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier slain;
By day, by night—in joy or woe se and soothe its pain;

By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled, rom every danger, every foe, Oh. God, protect my wife and child!

"Virginia" is impartially in line with the songs of the North. Written by J. W Randolph, author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," It reads:

Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free, The birthplace of Washington, the land

of liberty, soil is invaded by tyrants and knaves Your soil is invaded by tyrants and knaves, Your fields once so brilliant now gloomy with graves.

Virginia! Virginia! The home of the free! Three cheers for Virginia and sweet lib-

The Sword of General Lee" shows the soul of that noble warrior and Christian gentleman in whose presence Grant him-

self records that he forgot the errand for which they were met at Appomatox.

There are five full front portraits of Grant at different ages, on marches, differing extremely from each other. One, the most youthful, makes him look like Black

Jeff Davis awoke one morn' from a dream, A horrible dream, a horrible dream; He jumped outs of bed with a terrible scream,

A horrible scream gave he! He dreamed that a mudsill stood close by nis bed

In the garb of a Zouave in flannel red, With a noose of hemp slipping over his head,

Saying "Come along, traitor, with me."

There are schottisches bearing quaintly the sober faces of politicians—John Bell, an open-faced, scholarly gentleman of the old school; W. C. Breckenridge, his eyes deep set and prophetic, with a breadth of view and forehead recalling "Bailey of Texas"; Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" opponent of Lincoln, of large nose, high brow, the mouth of an orator and a slightly disagreeable expression.

Major-General George H. Thomas, than whom no abler or more chivalrous officer was to be found in the armies of the North, graces a song, "The Soldier's Hope, and there is a march to the memory of Major-General George G. Meade, gentle, wise, with the look we have mention strange likeness among so many of the Generals of the Union.

"Sherman's Advance on Savannah,"
where "Old Tecumseh" sits calmly on his
horse, with his staff, pointing to an aide
the road his army is already taking, ar-Morgan, Leonidas Polk, J. E. B. Stuart, most youthful, makes him look like Black tillery and infantry, in vigorous stride, A. P. Hill and G. J. Harris. Again his ountenance appears on "Riding a Raid," hreast and another in his pocket; all have and "His Last Words," "Let Us Go Over an earnest, serious look. Again we have tasie," presenting the hero headlong and